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The Country Priest.

A

SATYR.

Homines, ad Deos nullâ in re proprius accedent, quàm Salutem Hominibus dando. CICERO.

By *T. W.* Gent.

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187

THE

Country Parson.

A

SATYR.

Cicero.

Dominos, ad Deos nulla in re propius accedimus,
quam Salutem Hominibus dando.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
Country Prieſt.

A Neighbouring Prieſt near *Hackney* lives,
Fam'd for the Doctrine that he gives;
Preaching yet more than he believes.

Majeſtick is his graceful Mien,
Homage expecting, when e'er ſeen,
Strutting behind a double Chin,
No Study e'er will make him thin;
Nor Midnight Taper ever waſte,
To gratify his curious Taſte;

Unleſs to ſerve his fav'rite End,
T'enjoy his Bottle and a Friend;
In which the Doctors moſt agree,
There's Orthodox Divinity,
Wherein he grutches no Expence,
Seldom in haſte to ſtart from thence;
Loving to ſpend the ſocial Night,
'Till Sol emits his Rays of Light.
For nought but Pleaſures ſway his Mind
Seeking no other Bliſs to find;
Profuſion decks his ample Board,
The Golden *Mammon* is his God:
Granting he is for Preaching fam'd,
What then? his Life is juſtly blam'd,
For Want of Charity, he preaches,
And other Saint-like Works he teaches

nto his Flock, with pious Zeal,
nd ſuch like Cant too, knowing well,
ho' [illegible]-*ght* may be, in ſome Reſpects,
is poor Relations he neglects,
nowing altho' their ſad Condition,
eceiving often a Petition,
laking their Circumſtances known,
onſidering them a-Kin, his own,
eing ally'd by Fleſh and Blood,
What can be greater underſtood?
or Kindred Folk of each Degree,
ught ſympathetick ſure to be,
Nor Strangers then thoſe Alms inherit,
Which poor Relations juſtly merit;
s Charity begins at Home,
Where elſe i' God's Name ſhou'd it come,

Ac-

According to the Ties of Nature?
I am ſorry thus to Preach in Satyr,
Thus to an eminent Divine,
Whoſe Learning far excelleth mine;
Valuing no ſuch kind of Diction,
Thinking himſelf above Conviction:
But tho' he thinks there's nothing in't,
Th' Invective at his Faults doth ſquint;
However to make all Things even,
And find an eaſy Path to Heav'n,
T'indulge his Fancy his own way,
(Tho' falls to ſinful Luſts a Prey)
Profuſely giveth Alms abroad,
To gain the Publick their good Word.
Acting more only out of Pride,
Than any Principle beſide;

r as to Family Relief,
e'er ſympathizes with their Grief;
hat can be thought of ſuch a Man?
t Hypocrite, do all he can,
ying up Charity aloud
ith Hands uplifted to his God,
amuſe the giddy gaping-Croud.
he Actions only do denote
he inward Man to be devout;
is not the Colour of his Coat:
herefore ne'er think the ruſtling Gown
oo oft th'Amuſement o' the Town)
nſwers that Type of Charity,
really what he ought to be;
r often in the publick Street,
he an Object chance to meet,

He ſeldom doth regard their Cry,
Only with Bleſſing paſs him by;
For with a Penny but to part,
Odzooks it cuts him to the Heart.

" It happen'd once, the other Day,
" I chanc'd to hear a Beggar ſay,
" To's mumping Mate, who near him lay;
" That truly he did think it much,
" When nineteen Teachers on his Crutch
" He had notch'd down, but cou'd not get
" One ſingle Farthing from 'em yet.
" The other then replying ſaid,
" Scratching his Noddle, ſhak'd his Head,
" Wiſh'd he might never go to Bed,
" If e'er of them he got one Penny,
" Therefore he ne'er wou'd beg of any.

Which make moſt think, that ev'ry Prieſt
Makes his Religion Intereſt.
Such to their Shame, may often take
Example; better, from the Rake,
Who lib'rally his Alms diſpence,
Without e'er grutching the Expence;
Contributing to publick Good,
More than bare Preaching of the Word;
There being no Divinity,
If Actions don't with Words agree,
He's only Prieſt in Effigy.
O Doctor, Charity is great,
Given by thoſe in low Eſtate,
Conſider well the Widow's Mite,
'Twas all ſhe had in her own Right;

As much to her, as those before,
Who threw into the Treasure more;
Her Talent therefore was improv'd
And more than all the rest belov'd;
For what she really did impart,
Was with Sincerity of Heart,
Not out of Pride, or outward Show,
As in this Age the Great Ones do;
For to be popularly known,
And be a Fav'rite of the Town,
Resorting oft to publick Places,
Frequented by the Belles and Graces;
No matter who among the Fry
Or splendid be the Company,
Striving each other to outvie
In giving publick Charity.

To have their Names in publick Print,
That the whole Town may know what's in't;
Thereby to charm the dazzled Eye,
And be admir'd rolling by.
No ſooner ſeen the gilded Carr,
But Shouts do Eccho from afar.
" As at th' Rehearſal at St. *Paul*,
" When Clergy-Sons there have a Call
" As uſual, for their Annual Feaſt,
" Whoſe pious Care's to guttle moſt.
" But hark! I hear amidſt the Throng,
" *Io* and *Pæan*'s ſacred Song,
" In Concert ſweetly charm the Ear
" To raviſh ev'ry Boſom there;
" So *Philomel* in ſhady Grove,
" Warbling melodious Notes of Love;

" Each Bird appeas'd, Attention shews,
" And faints with Rapture on the Boughs."
The Scriptures different Tenets hold,
And sacred Mysteries unfold;
That need not th' Attire of Gold.
Nor all this Pomp and gaudy Show,
Nor so much Grandeur here below.
Not that I'd here be understood,
To rail against such publick Good,
The Inference here drawn in Satyr,
Is truly of a different Nature:
Which is, that oft this publick Zeal
Does not a private Suffering feel,
" For Instance in the Doctor's Brother
" Full as ambitious as the t'other,

" Tho'

Tho' now he lifteth up his Head
Was but a Paper-Monger bred.
But now turn'd Counſellor at Law,
Expert enough a Caſe to draw,
Without committing the leaſt Flaw.
Nay, do him Juſtice is ſo nice,
Gives his Opinion in a Trice;
Let him but have a Brief in hand,
The Caſe he'l quickly underſtand;
He preſently doth take the Hint,
And will as quickly tell what's in't,
Making his Notes thereon more ſhort,
Than any one beſides in Court;
When he attempts to make a Motion,
He ſeldom faileth in his Notion:

" And let him be which Side it will
" You see the Greatness of his Skill;
" We know you Lawyers can with Ease
" Twist Words and Meanings as you please,
" That Language by your Skill made pli
" Will tend to favour every Client;
" So artful too in your Profession,
" You hold there's Doubt in all Expressio
" Read o'er a Will, wa'st ever known,
" But you cou'd make the same your ow
" For when you read, 'tis with Intent,
" To find out Meanings never meant.
" 'Tis drawn, and to augment the Cost
" In dull Prolixity Ingross'd;
" The Law wou'd have but paltry Gleani
" Cou'd every Man express his Meaning

" W

Where Juſtice oft is bought and ſold
As at a Market for mere Gold;
The Caſe they ſeldom underſtand,
Without they have the Fee in hand;
For when they find the Client poor,
Or that they cannot drain him more,
Then they'l adviſe him to agree,
Altho' he ne'er ſo injur'd be.
But for the Lucre of a Fee,
Enters him ſtrait in Miſery.

not herein be meant that all
under the like Cenſure fall;
me having Principle more juſt,
onour maintaining in their Truſt;
others wou'd but when Needs muſt.

Which

Which some say make the old Wife trot,
Then Conscience often is forgot
When a large Sum by him was told,
Given at th'Rehearsal all in Gold;
And that it might be publick known,
His Name, Trade, Sum, were all set down,
I'the List dispersed through the Town.
Adding thereto his Title Esq;
That you might see, he was rais'd higher:
Just at that Time a near Relation
Had been to make his Application;
Telling his Troubles and his Grief,
Yet sent him Home without Relief.
Alms truly giving, by my Troth,
Right shou'd not know, what Left-hand doth

nce therefore you may plainly ſee,
human Acts of Charity,
ou'd not be out of Vanity;
Sake of Singularity,
certainly all muſt agree,
e greateſt Act of Charity,
privately to ſend Relief,
any Family in Grief;
haps e'en wanting daily Bread,
hted by thoſe that's better fed;
ho' their Function be divine,
w can the Doctor's Name then ſhine?
itying not his kindred Line.
ations firſt ſhou'd be prefer'd,
eſt fulfilling of God's Word;
truly lending to the Lord.

And if ought else can then be spar'd
Strangers ought not to be debar'd;
In common ought to share thy Store
Think thou art Steward for the Poor;
For when you hear their Mournful Cries
Their Wants demand then your Supplies
The Widow, Fatherless, and All
Who do themselves your Kindred call,
To be relieved therewithal
For where God has so largely given,
In Gratitude return to Heav'n;
This is the Duty which we Owe,
To God above, and Man below
Who all to Heav'n must one Day give,
Account how we like Stewards did live;
Happy whose Balance is so even,
Can reconcile his Soul to Heav'n.

FINIS.